Cukraus

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Cukraus

by TigerPrawn

Summary

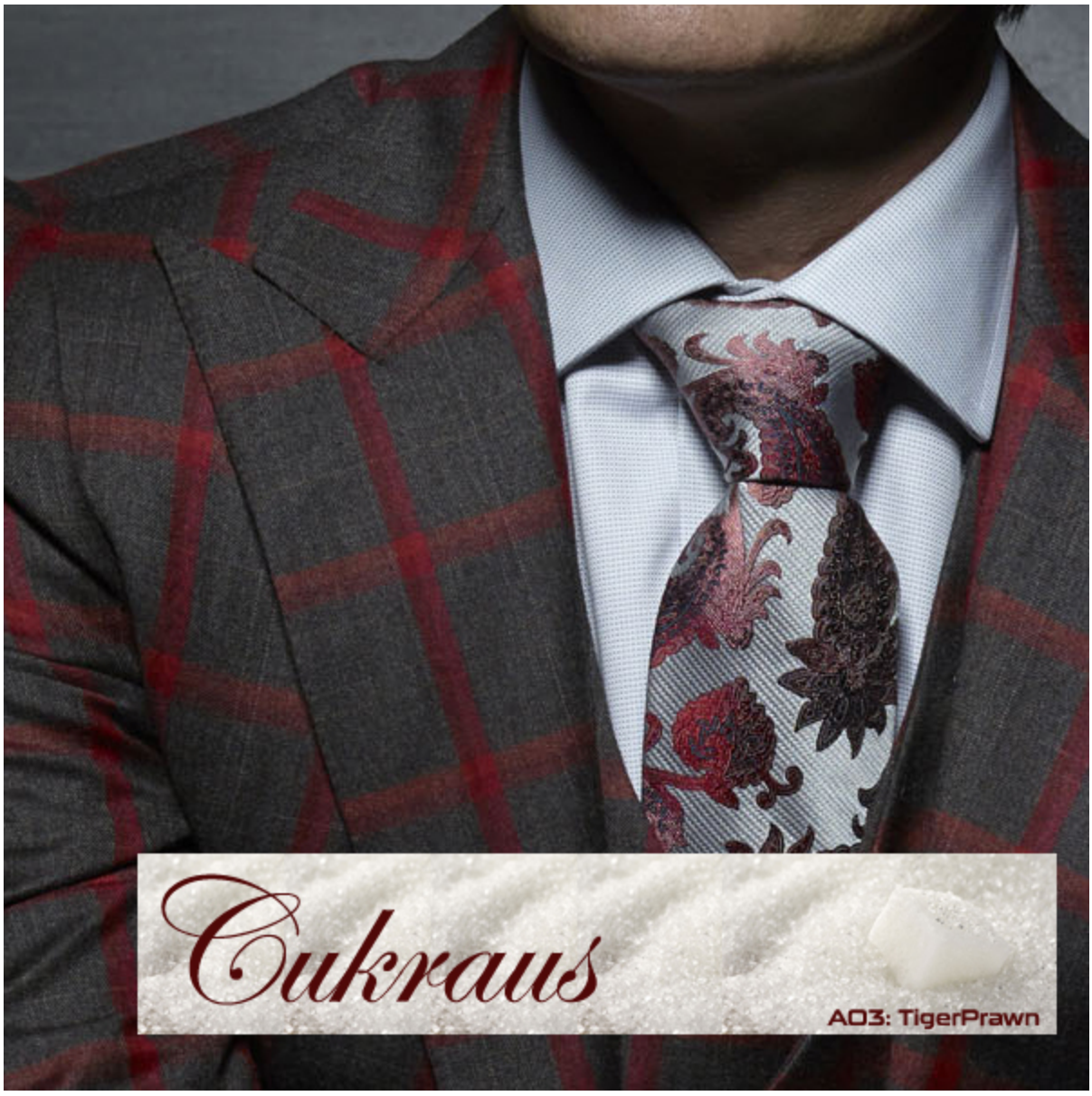
After a chance meeting, wealthy and successful psychiatrist, Doctor Hannibal Lecter, takes an interest in student Will Graham. Hannibal wants someone he can spoil, but Will is a rather reluctant sugar baby.

Notes

Re: Trans Hannibal - it's not a massive plot point. It is relevant here and there, but mostly incidental. Hannibal just happens to be trans.

This fic is complete. I'll be posting it sporadically over the next couple of months. Subscribe for updates :D

Chapter 1



Will stepped out of the coffee shop as he tried to untangle his headphones. He was juggling his hot coffee whilst trying to get the buds back in his ears, as he turned out on the street.

He didn't see the man in front of him until they had collided and Will's coffee went everywhere. The man was dressed in a three piece suit and looked like damn aristocracy - his hair neatly combed back and that kind of air about him. The sort that Will totally avoided, not just because they were often totally pompous assholes, but also because there was something about that that made his dick perk up. And he wasn't about to encourage it.

"Shit!" Will jumped immediately back, just avoiding another patron leaving the shop.

"You're very clumsy," The man in front of him pulled his pocket square from his jacket and began to pat down the coffee. Will was just glad that the man was wearing so many layers,

because he'd likely have been burned otherwise. "It's rude to not pay attention."

Will had been about to apologise until the man added that. Which, whilst he could see his point, felt a little bit too far and put Will on the defensive.

"It *was* an accident." Will frowned.

The man stopped patting at his suit jacket and looked at Will, one eyebrow ever so slightly raised.

"And now I *accidentally* have a new dry cleaning bill."

They both assessed each other in silence, not quite glaring but neither happy in the least. Will was even less so when, after a minute, the man looked him up and down and then smiled, a smile that was almost not there at all.

"And what's to be done about that?" The man asked in a dropped tone that Will wanted to call seductive, but also wanted to completely shut that thought down.

He had to be about ten years older than Will, who was loath to admit that this man was almost his type. The domineering look and tone, yes. Clothes and snobbish attitude, not so much - or so he tried to fool himself. Didn't stop his traitorous dick giving a little twitch of interest.

Will swallowed and could barely stop himself from shivering, trying to ignore that under other circumstances that might have really turned him on. If anything, the realisation made him feel even more annoyed.

"I'll pay for your dry cleaning," Will tried not to huff as he said it. Not least because had this conversation gone differently he would have been offering without prompting and apologising profusely. But there was something about this man that had instantly raised his hackles.

The man quirked a brow again, clearly amused, and pulled a card from his inside pocket. He handed it to Will between two fingers, not letting it go immediately as he held Will's eye contact.

"Call my office and they will arrange for you to come by so we can resolve this," The man told him, letting Will take the card to look it over.

Doctor Hannibal Lecter - Psychotherapist

Will glanced back up and realised the man had stepped slightly closer to him. Certainly closer than necessary.

"I'm sure I can fit you into my schedule, Cukraus," Lecter practically purred before he turned and continued down the street.

Will let out a shuddering breath, watching him go and cursing himself for having started to get a little hard.

*

Will got back to his apartment and threw his satchel onto the sofa.

“Hey!” Bev sat up and glared at him, rubbing her head where the bag had hit her.

“This wouldn’t happen if you’d nap in your room!” Will told his flatmate.

“It’s too bright in there,” she complained and then stretched. She was interning at a morgue whilst also studying Forensics, so coming home to find her napping at odd times was nothing new. "How was class?" She asked, and yawned.

"It was okay," Will answered, buzzing to tell her about what happened on the way home, at the same time as her being exactly the last person he should tell about it. Which she must have sensed because she quirked a brow.

"Ok, spill. Something's going on. Molly been flirting with you again?"

"What? No! I… I ran into this guy on the way home. Like, literally ran into him. Spilled my coffee all over him and now I have his card so I can, I don't know, sort out dry cleaning. Make it up to him?"

"Holy fuck, Will Graham, are you going to go give some guy an apology blow job?"

“Bev! Fuck, no,” Will responded with annoyance but knew she picked up on the hesitation that crept in at the end.

It wasn’t like he hadn’t been with other guys before, and it wasn’t as if this guy wasn’t too damn handsome for Will’s comfort. He had to admit that. Especially the way he’d told Will to ‘come by’. For a hot second he’d expected him just to end with ‘come’ and Will wasn’t sure how he’d have reacted to that.

Because despite the fact that he was sure he’d seen at least three pornos that started exactly like this, Will wasn’t about to overlook what a pretentious asshole the guy appeared to be, no matter how gorgeous he was, with those prominent cheekbones and pomp clearly hiding rugged good looks.

Bev gave him a knowing grin and pulled herself off of the couch.

“Well, I guess I’ll go grab a shower and leave you to make your… um… arrangements.” She gave him a wink and he rolled his eyes.

Even so, once she’d showered and left for work, Will found himself playing the card over in his fingers. The likelihood of running into the man again was so slim, he could easily just ignore the whole thing. Wasn’t like he had Will’s details to track him down with the bill. A bill which, truthfully, he could no way afford anyway. He barely had enough to cover his share of the rent each month.

Besides which how much could dry cleaning possibly cost? This Lecter guy was obviously loaded, it was clearly the principle of the thing rather than a financial issue. And whilst Will

took the point, it had been a damn accident!

Will pulled out his phone and dialled the number on the card, looking over at the clock on the wall as he did so. It was almost eight in the evening, so he was sure to get voicemail, which would be perfect.

Sure enough, after three rings a message kicked in to advise him he'd reached the office of Doctor Hannibal Lecter, then some spiel about appointments and cancellations. Finally the tone sounded and Will cleared his throat.

"Hi, yeah, this is Will Graham. We met today Doctor Lecter when you ended up wearing my coffee. I want to apologise again for the *accident*. I think we're both adult enough to leave it at that, this needn't go-"

Will was cut off by the phone being picked up, Lecter's voice instantly sending chills down his spine as the man practically purred his words.

"Good evening Mr Graham, thank you for calling. Fortuitously, you've just caught me after my last patient. Now, I really must insist that we settle all this reasonably and it would only be fair for you to pay for the dry cleaning."

"I…" Will swallowed, his bravado melting away somewhat. Lecter's tone was matter of fact but there was something else there, a threat of disappointment, which struck Will deep. He'd spent much of his childhood disappointing people one way or another, and it was something he hated hanging over him. It always set him on edge. It was like Lecter had immediately zeroed in on his weakness.

"Is there a problem, Mr Graham?" Lecter's tone made Will shiver, not entirely unpleasantly.

"I… don't have the money," Will blurted, before following up rather gruffly with, "Surely you can afford it yourself. You don't need me to-"

"I'm sure we could come to some other arrangement," Lecter suggested and Will was sure he could hear the amusement there. He was being baited and made fun of.

"Look, I'm not going to continue with this. I don't want to play this little game or whatever this is. In fact, you know what? I'm done." Will hung up the phone and let out a harsh breath, trying to ignore how much of his reaction was down to the buttons this man was pressing.

He threw his phone down onto the sofa and stood up, shaking his limbs out. He was so pent up he ended up getting into sweats and going for a run. Still wound up when he returned, still energy to burn, he jerked off in the shower, Lecter's purred tone echoing in his mind.

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Will woke feeling achy, every muscle speaking of how tense he'd been, even in his sleep.

Didn't much help that his morning wood was almost painful. He stretched, trying to loosen up, but it only resulted in his stiff dick rubbing against his blankets. He let out a groan, part arousal part annoyance, and flung his blankets back, before fishing his cock out of his boxers

and stroking. He started slow, but it was clear that wouldn't be enough, nowhere near. He planted his feet and began to pump himself hard, imagining his fist was more than that, a tight wet, heat. Some nameless, faceless entity, some hole. He didn't much care which, he just wanted to come.

He thought for a moment of Molly, of Clarice, pushing them aside he briefly had a flash of Matt and shook his head. He wasn't going to come over that asshole. And then his mind supplied a new image. A smirk across a handsome older face, prominent cheekbones and incredibly kissable lips. Will moaned, stroking faster as he imagined what such a put together man would look like coming apart on his cock.

Will came so hard he felt dizzy, spurting all over his hand and up his body, stroking through the shuddering aftershocks until he was trembling and trying to catch his breath.

"Fuck," He muttered into the empty room.

Will tried not to think about what had just happened as he showered and fixed himself a coffee, taking it back to his room in just his towel. He was so glad that Bev would have already left for her classes, He really didn't want to have to explain how flustered he knew he looked. She could read this shit about him. She knew within an instant what had happened that night he'd come home from Clarice's party after having eaten Molly out in her sorority room.

He gulped his coffee and picked up his phone to check the time. That was when he saw the message.

A text from an unknown number.

~Mr Graham, this is Doctor Lecter, please be promptly at my office at 7pm this evening. The address is on my business card, but here it is again should you have misplaced that.~

It was followed by the office address and Will could feel the man's damn smirk. He cursed himself that he'd called yesterday from his cell phone and now the damn man had it. And was texting him goddam orders!

He groaned in annoyance, scrubbed a hand over his face, huffed out a breath, but never once considered not going.

*

It was 6.59pm.

Will took a deep breath as he looked down at the address on his phone once more and then up at the intimidating building in front of him. The air shuddered out of his lungs and he started up the steps, wondering with each step what the damn hell he was doing. And yet his feet carried him forward and he pressed the bell for the Doctor's office before even considering it.

Will prepared himself for the Doctor's frustratingly hypnotic voice on the intercom, but it never came. Instead the door just buzzed and he heard the lock click, so he pushed it open.

Inside the place was lavish but laconic. Very few furnishings but those there were clearly expensive. The people that had offices in this building no doubt were pretty well off. Will walked through the foyer and followed the sign for Doctor Lecter's office, finding an empty reception area.

Will stood there for a moment, wondering if he should knock or whether there was some kind of protocol to being beckoned to someone's office like this. He was about ready to turn and leave when the office door opened and Hannibal Lecter appeared in the doorway looking down at his watch.

"Prompt," He commented, a smirk barely there on his lips. "You could have knocked."

"Secretary gone home?" Will asked, looking at the vacant space where someone should be present, and noticeably was not. It set his pulse racing and knew it should be apprehension, but it wasn't.

Lecter just smirked and held the door open and Will, for no reason that he could fathom, walked through it into the large and lavish office.

"Please, take a seat Mr Graham," Lecter invited, gesturing towards one of the two chairs facing each other.

"Why do I have the feeling you're about to ask me how I feel about my mother?" Will replied, not sitting, in fact moving to the man's desk and leaning against it. Lecter's lips pursed for a moment.

"How *do* you feel about your mother?" Lecter asked, quirking a curious brow at him.

"Really?" Will cocked his head and gave an incredulous look.

"You brought it up. In my experience raising such issues is the first step in allowing oneself to discuss them."

Will scoffed, "I knew I should have run a mile when I saw you were a shrink."

A slight grin grew across Lecter's lips and Will could tell he was truly amused, "I'm sorry Will, observing is what I do."

Will flinched at Lecter using his name so casually, purring it almost.

"Don't psychoanalyse me," Will growled and Lecter tilted his head to study him then.

"Let's get to business then shall we?" Lecter responded as he moved behind his desk, clearly and entirely amused by Will.

He turned to watch the man, folding his arms over his chest before realising he had done so and sure that the doctor would read some sort of defensiveness in the gesture. Was he

defensive? More so irritated, he decided.

Lecter pulled out a dry cleaning slip and slid it across the desk towards Will, looking up at him, “Here we are.”

Will looked down but didn’t touch the slip, not wanting to show any admission of fault.

“Look, I don’t even know why I came here. Like I said, we both know it was an accident. You’re not really teaching any kind of lesson here other than ‘be less clumsy’, which believe me I tell myself enough-” Will kept his tone level but sharp.

“You can’t afford it.” Lecter interjected.

Will’s jaw tightened and he could feel his face heat, “I already told you that. Is this where you tell me I can pay you in some other way?” He spat the words with a sneer.

Lecter let out a low chuckle, “It hadn’t even crossed my mind, but… interesting that it had yours. Are you attracted to me Will?”

Will felt his face heat even more. So hot it was burning up to his ears and beneath his collar. Before he could even attempt to form words, Lecter continued -

“Have you ever been with a man before, Will?”

Will felt his dick twitch and knew that this was exactly the time he should leave, especially considering he shouldn’t have come at all. At the very least he should be irate, tell the man to fuck off. What right did he have to ask a stranger such personal questions?

“Yes…” The word came out breathless, despite not meaning to say it at all. He’d been with Matt for quite a few months before he realised he deserved to be treated better. And had messed around with a few guys before and after that, girls too. Molly had been his most recent fling, he’d gone down on her at a party but was kind of glad when she didn’t really seem interested after. Though for the last few weeks she’d been hounding him to have a threesome with her and her now girlfriend, Clarice. Apparently word was he was excellent with his tongue.

Lecter moved slowly around the desk, giving Will plenty of opportunity to move, but he didn’t.

“What if I’d invited you here to ask you out for dinner? Would you have still come?”

Will squirmed at the word come and found himself shrugging.

Lecter continued, “You strike me as someone with whom the direct approach is all too easily rebuffed.”

Will couldn’t help a slight twitch of his lips at the accurate reading. Lecter was completely correct that he would have rebuffed a stranger, and he probably still should.

“Is that what you want?” Will asked, voice like gravel, “Dinner?”

Lecter's mouth curved up into the sort of grin he could imagine on a shark.

"To start, yes."

"And for dessert?" Will asked, feeling his heart slamming in his chest and sweat prickling at the base of his spine. Was he really inviting this? Every good sense told him to leave and yet not only was he rooted to the spot, he couldn't stop the stupid words from falling out of his mouth!

Lecter continued to smirk as he stepped around the desk until he was in front of Will.

Will's chest was heaving and his dick was so hard he knew it was beyond concealment.

"I'd like to take care of you Will. It would please me," Lecter rumbled the words, quiet enough to have to lean in slightly, "if you allowed me to treat you now and then."

"In return for?" Will asked, leaning away from Lecter and cocking his brow. Now more than a little concerned about what he was getting himself into, despite arguably having invited it.

"Simply your company." Hannibal replied, reaching up a hand and pushing some of Will's hair back behind his ear.

Will let out a shuddering breath and uncrossed his arms, they dropped involuntarily, his hands finding Hannibal's hips and holding the man there.

"You want to… date?" Will tried to focus despite the way Lecter was now toying with the hair at the nape of his neck. No thoughts of stopping his exploration.

"I would like to court you. I would like to spend time with you, spoil you, and in return enjoy your company." Lecter growled.

Will shivered and swallowed.

"I'm not… you can't just buy…"

"No," Lecter shushed him, "I don't want you to be my whore Will, I want you to…"

"You want to be my sugar daddy?" Will asked, incredulous but pretty sure that was what the hell the man was saying. The man whose hand now stroked the back of his neck in a way that had Will's eyes rolling in pleasure.

"If you like," came the droll reply with another smirk. "It's as good a term as any."

"I'm not in the market for one." Will pulled himself back, away from Lecter's reach. Shaking his head as though trying to right himself completely. "I… I think I should go."

He practically bolted for the door before anything further could be said. Because as much as he wanted to protest, there was something very enticing about Doctor Hannibal Lecter, and

his offer. And Will really had no intention of being someone’s kept boy.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Will and Hannibal start getting to know each other...

~Good morning, Mr Graham. I believe I may have been rather forward yesterday. I would apologize, but I know I will soon be apologizing again and you'll tire of that eventually so I have to consider using apologies sparingly.~

Will blinked. He'd been awake all of a minute when he realised his phone was flashing and checked the messages. It had been sent around 6am, probably the start of the doctor's day. And he had to admit that being the first thing on someone's mind in the morning was strangely pleasant.

He also couldn't deny that the message invoked exactly the response he was sure Lecter was going for - a gut reaction to respond that there would be no need for further apologies as he wouldn't have the chance to be forward again, opening that door to communication as a result nonetheless.

"Hmm, manipulative, Doctor." Will chided the man in his absence with a grumble, "Don't need to be a psychotherapist to see right through you."

Even so, Will played the phone over in his hands a moment whilst trying to decide what to do. Which was ridiculous, because what he should do was precisely nothing. He should just ignore the message and leave it at that. A confirmation that he indeed was not interested.

But…

Will grit his teeth and typed back, trying not to overthink it all before he pressed send.

~Aren't you a doctor? This isn't very professional~

The response was almost immediate.

~I was hoping we could socialise like adults. God forbid we become friendly~

Will huffed at the response. He pulled back the covers and got out of bed, feeling the draw back to his phone and wanting to ignore it. Knowing that replying was exactly what the doctor wanted.

He pulled out his clothes for the day and got ready to head to the shower before it all became too much and he grabbed his phone.

~I don't find you that interesting.~

Will felt a little smug as he went about his morning routine, sure that reply would put an end to this ridiculousness. With no immediate reply, it felt like a victory.

Three hours later he received a reply that made him shudder in a way he wasn't quite prepared for -

~You will~

*

For over a week Will's day started with a message from Hannibal Lecter.

After three days it had become impossible to pretend it was an annoyance. The messages were not as forward as that first morning, in fact it felt like the doctor was actually trying to get to know him. Which maybe should have been flattering? At least it didn't feel creepy. It felt like genuine interest. Genuine questions to which Will often responded, increasingly unguarded.

After all, he had no plans to see this practical stranger again so what was the harm?

~Good Morning Will~

~Doctor Lecter. Such a surprise to hear from you~

Will responded to the ninth morning in a row waking to a message from Lecter.

~I do like to keep you on your toes~

Will let out a breath, not sure how the man made even that sound like a proposition. Perhaps he was projecting at this point? He couldn't deny that the attention was flattering, couldn't pretend that he really did enjoy it.

After a few minutes of consideration, Will was still trying to decide what to type back and what tack to take, when his phone beeped again.

~Perhaps I will see you today?~

Will's heart beat heavily for a moment, as it did every time Lecter suggested meeting, whether a hint or directly. He huffed a breath before replying.

~Not likely, unless you happen to be enrolled in some of my classes~

Will wasn't even sure if he meant it as a brush off or a tease, but felt like he could argue it either way if asked.

~I graduated quite some time ago~

Came the droll response.

~Yes, very many years ago I believe~

Will couldn't help his grin as he replied, finding himself anticipating the response.

~I will allow that I am perhaps more experienced, wiser. Old enough to know what I want and to go for it~

~Are you about to recommend your favourite denture cream?~

~Very rude Mr Graham~

~You know you like it~

Will replied without thinking and knew the doctor must be grinning at the other end.

~You might just be right~

*

By the time a month had passed since their meeting, Will found himself looking forward to waking to Lecter's messages. A little flutter of anticipation in his stomach as he grabbed for his phone and silenced the alarm, seeing the little envelope symbol waiting for him.

They seemed to have, somehow, in the range of near teasing and somewhat flirtatious messages, started to get to know each other.

Will knew the man was from Lithuania and had recently started his own psychiatry practice after having been an ER surgeon. And, despite usually being guarded and keeping information close to his chest, Will found himself revealing snippets of his childhood in Louisiana with his single parent father, his studies, a little about having had a shit boyfriend a year before. Each time Hannibal managed to pull these things almost effortlessly from him, Will felt weird. Not a bad weird like he often did when he shared too much and wished he could take it back. More weird that he didn't feel weird.

Will stretched and clicked on the message.

~Good morning Will. I hope today goes well for you~

Will blinked a moment before it clicked. He had mentioned in passing the assessment he had in lab today.

~Thanks. I'm hoping to rely on my delicate nature not to get flunked~ Will joked but then realised it would mean nothing to Hannibal and followed with, **~I'm quiet and surly and there on a scholarship, most of the professors think I'm this damaged little thing from the boondocks. A fragile little teacup. I'm hoping none of them will want to smash me~**

~Is that how you see yourself?~

Strangely, from only the two meetings in person and one phone conversation, Will felt he'd become quite adept at reading Hannibal's tone, but with this he was completely unsure. Was he being serious or teasing? Will hesitated a moment before replying -

~How do you see me?~

~The mongoose I want under the house when the snakes slither by~

Will let out a shuddering breath and a chuckle. It was interesting to know Hannibal's take on him, and there was some relief that Hannibal didn't think of him as fragile or damaged, or in some way a walk over. Some sweet thing he could force his attentions on.

~Cute.~ Will replied, hoping Hannibal would sense the tease there.

~Let me know how things go?~

Will nibbled on his lower lip. Interesting that it was a question. There had been enough back and forth between them for Hannibal to surely know that if he had written it as a demand Will would likely have done it. Unless he was feeling particularly bratty. But as a question it felt more like a request for more than the information. A request to be more involved, to know more about Will's life and whether he was okay with that.

Will considered for a few minutes, half aware that Hannibal was likely mulling over why it was taking so long to reply and whether Will would reply at all.

~I will~ He finally replied.

~If it goes well perhaps you will let me buy you dinner to celebrate.~

Will took a breath, knowing he might have expected something like this again and should have been better prepared. Even so he had no idea how to answer. So he didn't.

*

"Will, I know you didn't take that long in the shower over Molly!" Bev grilled him the second he emerged from the steamy bathroom in just his towel.

He jumped, startled and holding onto the towel all the tighter, at which she rolled her eyes in an 'oh please' sort of way.

"Just… No… Not Molly…" He felt his face redden, knowing there was no way in this small apartment that she hadn't cottoned onto him jerking it frequently the last couple of weeks. He'd started to confine happy time to the shower to at least have the water to mask any noises, but there was no hiding the fact that it took him ten to twenty minutes longer than his usual three minute power shower.

"Ok, tell." Bev was grinning eagerly at him.

"Can I get some damn pants on?" He grumbled as he pushed past her towards his room, going in and shutting the door firmly, trying to ignore her chuckling.

A few minutes later, as he pulled on a t-shirt and was thankfully already in underwear, Bev burst into his room and took a seat at the end of his bed.

“Spill it Graham. I know it isn’t Molly that got you this worked up. Please tell me Matt isn’t back on the scene?” She looked pained as she asked and Will felt shitty about that whole fiasco over again. Bev had hated Matt from the outset and yet was still there for him when Matt became such an overbearing asshole that Will had had enough too.

“No Bev,” He replied gently, “I haven’t had any contact with Matt since we split.”

She visibly looked relieved before a grin grew back on her face and she asked excitedly, “Okay, so what’s going on?”

“Ughhh” He scrubbed his hand over his face, knowing there was no way out of this, and then dropped, cross legged onto the bed. “You remember that guy I told you I spilled coffee on a few weeks ago and he wanted me to pay for dry cleaning?”

Bev nodded, “To be fair, when you're tired or stressed you're as clumsy as the leading lady in a romcom.”

Will grit his teeth and felt his face flush, more so at what he was going to say next than Bev's words. But the idea that this was how a damn movie might start had never been lost on him.

“What did you do?!” Bev’s eyes went as wide as her grin.

“Nothing! He… wanted me to stop by his office. So I did and…”

“Did he proposition you?” She asked eagerly.

Will let out a sigh, “Yes… but it was… He basically wanted to be my sugar daddy.”

“Are kidding me? Why don’t I ever get the sugar daddies?

“Bev!” Will scalded and she rolled her eyes at him.

“I’m just saying! Anyways, so… You went to his office. Did you… you know?” She made a circle with one hand and poked her finger in and out to demonstrate penetration.

“Bev! No, for fuck’s… ugh… He… stroked my hair.”

Bev blinked and tilted her head, “He what now?”

Will felt his cheeks burn all the more, “He just like… said he wanted to take me out to dinner and played with the hair at the back of my neck,” He rubbed his hand there, where his skin was prickling at the memory.

“Fuck Will, that’s actually pretty hot.”

“Ugh, I know!” Will groaned and flopped onto his back, arm flung over his face. He felt Bev moving until she was lying next to him. “And then… we’ve messaged a little. He… wants a

date. He wants to date."

"Then date!" Bev encouraged, "Are you interested?"

"I… He said he wants to spoil me, I mean… I don't want to be someone's kept boy. I… I feel like I'm starting to like him, but I'm just not into having a sugar daddy if that's all he's offering."

"Are you kidding? You're a starving student! Have a good time and let him foot the bill until one of you gets bored of it."

Will rolled his eyes and shook his head. "You know I always thought you were the more sensible of the two of us." He grumbled.

She quirked a brow, "I am, doofus. You're a poor student, he's a doctor who wants to buy you trinkets. Logic suggests you should explore this option."

Will groaned and pointed at the door, ignoring her sniggering as she walked out.

*

~Tell me about your mother?~

Will was instantly on guard given that this was the first time he could recall Hannibal asking a straightforward question about his childhood rather than just letting things unfold.

It was the weekend and they'd been messaging on and off all morning when the conversation had turned gently, once more, to Will letting Hannibal buy him dinner to celebrate the high scores on his lab assessment. And Will had managed to defer it, ignore it and never directly answer. But the moment he mentioned how his mother wouldn't have been surprised about him getting high grades for, essentially, dissecting bugs, Hannibal had jumped on it.

~Trying to psychoanalyse me again?~

He knew the tone could be read many ways, wondering if Hannibal would take it as a tease, or assume Will was being shitty. The truth was likely something in between, as Will wanted to think this was something harmless.

But the responding message made his jaw clench.

~Do you think that the loss of your mother has had an impact on you allowing people to get close to you? Perhaps to treat you or spoil you?~

Will's lips twitched into a snarl and he threw the phone down.

He was annoyed at himself for starting to like this man. How stupid he had been! Hannibal Lecter was the combination of both the worst things he tried to avoid - controlling men, and therapists. It was clear now that these weeks of gentle flirting and textual teasing were nothing more than a means to an end for Lecter.

In fact, maybe the manipulative doctor was only really interested at all because of the challenges he'd faced. More than that though, the reasons Will kept him at arm's reach had clearly intrigued him. He couldn't help considering whether Lecter was actually writing a paper on all of this. He was just another thing for the man to study. Something that piqued his professional interest, and anything less than professional was a bonus.

~Do you think being an entitled asshole with more money than sense has had an impact on how you use people?~

Will replied without hesitation, anger forcing his fingers on the buttons.

When his phone then rang, Will ignored it. And then next two times. Eventually Lecter sent a message saying he'd like to discuss this misunderstanding, over the phone or face to face.

Will had no interest in it. He didn't reply.

Nor to the texts the next two mornings.

It left a strange hole in his life that hadn't been there before he'd met the man. Every morning felt a little emptier with no envelope icon to greet him.

*

Will's pulse was racing as he watched the man from across the room. He desperately wanted to bolt whilst simultaneously wanting the man's hands on him again. Or even just more messages. The whole thing was making his skin ache. It had been a couple of weeks since he'd ignored Hannibal's messages and he'd gotten the hint.

And then Lecter spotted him, tilted his head ever so slightly and then looked away again.

Will let out a breath and tried to fight down his immediate response - which was to go over to the man and… He wasn't sure what. Kiss him? Confront him? Both? He tried to push all thoughts of Hannibal Lecter aside and wandered over to chat with Molly who gave him a beaming smile.

It was a few minutes later that he felt someone standing next to him, and then a light touch to his elbow.

"Good evening Mr Graham, It's good to see you." Lecter's smooth tone crawled over Will's skin and Molly looked between them with a smile.

"Doctor Lecter," Will acknowledged.

"You know each other? What a small world." Molly commented, clearly fishing for further information.

"You could say that," Will replied gruffly, more annoyed at his own reactions than her question. He could feel the blush rising on his cheeks and didn't dare look at either of them.

“Oh…” That one word was so heavy with implication and Will knew that Molly had some suspicion of what was or wasn’t between them. “I’ll… let you catch up.” She excused herself.

Lecter moved to stand in front of Will then, taking her spot.

“Pleasant young woman. I would wonder if I should I be jealous, were things different,” Lecter teased.

Will glared at him then.

“If I’d known you were going to be here-”

“Will,” Lecter reproached, “Any professional that has worked with the FBI within a hundred mile radius is here. It wouldn’t have taken much searching for you to find that I’ve consulted with them often.”

Will frowned at him, “I didn’t go home that first meeting and google you doctor.”

“No? What did you go home and do?” Lecter’s tone was teasing again and he leaned in to say the words quieter than was necessary.

Will suppressed a whimper, annoyed at himself for his body’s reaction to the closeness..

“More to the point Will, I’m quite surprised to see you here, given that only the psychology department was invited and you have already been clear in your disdain for my profession. I thought you were studying Forensics and the hard sciences.”

“I… I’m studying Forensics and Criminal Psychology.” Will grit out.

Lecter’s face broke into a smile.

“We have more in common than I’d have guessed.” Hannibal hesitated, “Would you let me apologise for having upset you?”

“I… I’m not… I…” Will felt his cheeks, flustered and unsure how to react now they were in person rather than over text.

After a shuddering breath he shook his head and wandered away from Lecter and back into the crowd.

*

Bev got her car from the lot as Will waited at the exit, saying a strained goodbye to Molly as she got into her girlfriend’s car. The career's evening had gone on way too long for Will. He would have left earlier if he weren’t getting a ride with Bev.

Will closed his eyes and took a deep breath of the cool air, wishing Bev would get a move on. He really didn’t want to run into-

“Do you need a ride Mr Graham?” He’d practically felt Lecter standing at his side before he heard the man speak.

“No, I’m all good, thanks.” Will replied, attempting politeness but coming out curt.

“Very well,” Lecter responded before stepping away and then turning back. Will met his eyes. “Perhaps another time?”

Lecter stepped again, into Will’s space so that they were as close as they had been that day in the man’s office. Will’s chest tightened and his breathing became shallow as Lecter reached his hand up to stroke over the back of Will’s neck as he had before. The action made Will involuntarily shiver and groan.

It was as his lips parted slightly in that groan that Lecter closed the remaining space between them and pressed his mouth to Will’s. Will took a sharp breath in his surprise as Lecter kissed him. Thoroughly. It was deep and languid. Sensual and possessive.

After a few moments Lecter broke the kiss and stepped away, dropping his hand from Will’s nape. “Another time.” He said again before turning and walking towards the lot.

Will saw Bev then, sat there in her car just down from them, grinning and giving him a double thumbs up.

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will get to know each other... intimately.

Chapter Notes

FYI - re: transness, as I know some readers might want more info for their own comfort. This is the first time they are intimate. As stated in the note on the first chapter - Hannibal being trans is incidental. Obviously, at this point it comes up, as Will hadn't realised, but only as an "oh, ok!", it doesn't become a massive talking point. It just is what it is and Will accepts that. He literally finds out when they start to fuck.
In terms of the intimacy - Will and Hannibal have PIV sex, pretty enthusiastically.

See the end of the chapter for more notes

“Why didn’t you just go home with him?!” Bev pushed again.

It was the morning after the career event and Will really didn’t need this. She had bugged him all the way home and then when they got home, right up until he gently closed his bedroom door in her face.

He didn’t need it over breakfast as well whilst she messily shovelled cereal and looked at him intently.

“What was I supposed to do?” Will finally relented, realising she was never going to give up on this.

“Are you serious?” Bev gawped at him, “you were meant to ride home in his car and then ride his cock.” She grinned.

Will huffed and chewed his toast despite really not feeling like eating any more.

“I’ve been rude to him every time we’ve talked. Not that he didn’t deserve it, because he is… pushy would be a polite way to put it. It is definitely a bad match and we need to stop talking about it.” Will said firmly.

“A bad match? Tell that to your mouths!” She quirked a brow. “I thought you’d end up eating each other’s faces, how hungry you were for each other. If nothing else, there’s some serious

chemistry there and I for one think it's worth exploring. Clearly so does he!" Bev was gesticulating a little as she talked now, milk dripping from her spoon.

"And what if I don't want to explore it!" Will countered.

The incredulous look on her face told him Bev didn't buy that for a minute. Neither did his dick if how hard he'd come in the shower an hour earlier was anything to go by.

Will huffed.

*

Will waited until the end of the day before heading over to Lecter's office unannounced. Rude, he knew. But he didn't want to give any more ground than he already had to the man.

Especially as he wasn't even sure why he was heading over there.

Maybe to tell Lecter to back off? That this all had to stop? Maybe to kiss him again?

Will really had no idea. He felt caught between what his head told him to do and what his dick was telling him to do, and they both made compelling arguments. The only really solid thing he could come up with for not exploring this chemistry they had, the connection he'd felt in their stupid messages, was how Lecter especially wanted to make a sugar baby of him.

Will really wasn't into that. He'd happily be submissive in the bedroom, and he was good with compromise in partnerships, whether romantic or otherwise. But letting this older, elegant, rich doctor be his sugar daddy? It was a bit much to swallow. And it felt like Lecter was keen to ensure it was part of the package of anything that happened between them.

So maybe that was what he needed to talk about?

"I don't want to be some sort of kept boy," Will blurted the moment the external door opened. Startled to see a confused looking man in front of him, Lecter just behind him. Both Lecter and the man blinked at him before Lecter turned to the man.

"Same time next week, Franklyn." Lecter said and the man nodded before looking over Will one more time and squeezing past him.

"Fuck," Will muttered. "I didn't mean to-"

"It's quite alright Will, he was my last patient for the day if you wish to come in."

Lecter's smooth tone made Will shiver and his brain started to scream at him to turn and run. So of course he stepped through the door.

"I'm sorry," Will apologised again as he walked behind the doctor towards his office. Unable to help taking in his amazing physique. The suit was perfectly tailored to every contour of his body to the point where Will didn't have to use too much imagination to tell where every muscle was. Will wondered if he was a cyclist or a swimmer, there was definitely something athletic about him and Will couldn't help imagining the man in little shorts.

He tried to discreetly let out a breath, trying to clear the image from his brain, because it wasn't helping one bit.

The smirk over Lecter's shoulder as they got to his office made clear that it had been noted all the same.

"Honestly, Will. I've had worse things blurted out in my office, and that particular patient likely appreciated the little tidbit, so I would say everyone is happy. Except you perhaps?" Lecter looked at him appraisingly as he gestured towards the armchairs that faced each other. "You don't wish to be a 'kept boy'?"

"Um, yeah…" Will felt his face heat as he took his seat, unable to meet Lecter's eyes as he sat opposite. "I… didn't hate kissing you. I… enjoyed the messages and getting to know each other." It felt odd admitting it because the messages had felt so safe and detached and now he was in a room with a man that felt much like a predator in many ways. One that was playing tame for Will.

The thought made him shudder.

"But you don't want to be my 'kept boy'?" He didn't have to look up to know there was amusement there.

"Can you stop saying it like that!" Will growled, "You know what I mean. You want to… you want to…"

"I believe you also used the term sugar daddy." Lecter supplied coolly.

Will did look up at that and frowned at the man, annoyed at the way Lecter was making him handle this.

"You're saying you didn't offer exactly that?" Will challenged.

"I'm not wholly sure of the vernacular, but if being a sugar daddy means that I would feel moved to lavish gifts on someone to demonstrate my affection, then you may use that term." Lecter looked every inch the psychiatrist and Will clenched his jaw.

"Tell me Will, have you ever come across the idea of the Five Love Languages?" Lecter didn't wait for a response before continuing, "Chapman postulates that there are five ways in which people express and experience love. How they show their affection. Their love language. For some it is gift giving, for others the giving of time, words of affection, acts of service or devotion, or physical touch. I am well enough attuned to my own psyche to know that perhaps my desire to give gifts as a form of affection comes from a childhood of deprivation of material goods and especially luxuries, but I would never want to force that upon anyone."

Lecter both looked and sounded completely reasonable and Will started to wonder if he'd overreacted to the whole thing. Maybe Lecter had just come on a little too strong for him initially?

If he was honest, Will would be hard pushed to decide whether his language would be to receive quality time or physical affection. But definitely receiving gifts was the furthest down the list.

He cleared his throat.

“Well, okay. I’m sorry… I didn’t know about your childhood and um…” Will felt pain in his jaw from clenching so hard. It was difficult enough for him to talk about his own childhood, that he never intended to bring anyone else’s up in a way that might upset them.

The way Hannibal had to him, he recalled.

“I didn’t like it when you asked about my mom.” Will admitted, stopping himself from looking down and looking directly at Hannibal instead.

Lecter held his gaze and gave a nod. “I apologise, that was an oversight on my part. I hadn’t realised it was such a sensitive topic, and the way I addressed it was wrong. I don’t want to shift blame onto the medium of conversation, but I hope I wouldn’t have said the wrong thing had we been sat face to face, as we are now.” Hannibal genuinely looked contrite. “I’m sorry that it caused our communications to come to an end. I enjoyed messaging with you.” There was no emotion in the words, nothing to give anything away at all, as sincere as Will was sure they were.

“I miss it.” Will admitted. “But I… I don’t want you to therapise me. I can’t stand that, I can’t have it. I don’t have room for you in my head. Not that way. Do you get that?” Will wasn’t unaware of how intense his tone had become, nor how intense Hannibal’s gaze had become.

“If we were to continue to… socialise,” Hannibal crooned the words, “I would make a point of restraining myself. It was never my intent to upset you Will.”

Will let out a long, deep breath. Relief lightening his chest a little to have the air cleared in terms of their previous upset.

Hannibal’s gaze grew even more intense. It was too much.

Will cleared his throat and stood, wandering around the office and taking it in, looking up at the upper level of books.

“This place is quite cool.” He allowed.

“It suits me better than a home office. I usually prefer to keep work and socialising separate. Boundaries are necessary when it comes to therapy.”

Will could tell without turning around that Hannibal had stood as well, prowling, it felt like. Stalking.

Will stopped to look at the heavy bronze ornament of a stag, majestic and seemingly at home in this place. And then he sensed Hannibal behind him, a moment before he heard the ever so subtle sniff.

“Did… Did you just smell me?” Will asked, frowning and yet, a little amused. A little aroused despite himself.

Hannibal lightly cleared his throat.

“Difficult to avoid, you really must let me introduce you to a better aftershave.” Hannibal’s tone was low and Will wondered if it spoke of the man’s own arousal. He wasn’t sure he was brave enough to turn and find out. Not sure he was strong enough to resist if it was.

“I’m… not wearing any,” Will could hear the lust in his own voice. “Just a simple shampoo and deodorant guy here. It’s more likely the coffee I managed to spill on myself after lunch.”

Hannibal let out an amused hum, “A bit of a habit then.” It wasn’t a question.

“Apparently,” Will answered, his breathing unsteady as he felt Hannibal step closer a moment before he lowered his mouth to Will’s neck and began to nuzzle into him.

Will moaned and shivered.

“I thought that your office is a professional space only…” Will swallowed, his heart starting to thud.

“Only for patients. We’re just having conversations.” Hannibal breathed the words against his neck and Will wasn’t able to resist anymore, turning into his arms and kissing him.

It was immediately passionate and Will groaned into it, his cock already filling out, as much as he hated how that made him look like a lusty youth.

Hannibal pulled back, stroking his hand over the hair at Will’s nape, something that was now starting to drive Will a little crazy and he was sure was some kind of conditioning - not that he cared.

“I would like to be rather unprofessional with you Will, if I may?” Hannibal asked, voice low and rumbled.

“You really may,” Will replied, trying to curse himself for losing his resolve but not quite managing.

Hannibal started walking him a few steps back, until they reached the powder blue chaise and Hannibal was gently guiding Will down onto it, lowering himself over him as he went.

Will was barely able to catch his breath, even just imagining the man taking control like this. He couldn’t help but be really into that.

“Wh-what do you want to…” Will started, stopping because he was suddenly hyper aware of their different situations in life. He didn’t want to appear crude or crass even in this moment as he wanted to ask the man how he wanted to fuck.

Because he was under no illusion that that was exactly what was about to go down, one way or the other.

Hannibal grinned and pecked at his lips for a moment before moving down the chaise to undo Will's pants.

Will groaned and squeezed his eyes shut, feeling the man's breath hot and close to his crotch as Hannibal swiftly pulled both pants and underwear down to Will's thighs.

Hannibal hummed his clear delight at what he found there before nuzzling at Will's cock and then taking it in his mouth to suck for a moment before standing up. Leaving Will to whimper in protest and his cock to throb angrily.

Hannibal shrugged out of his jacked and rested it over the end of the chaise. As he started to unbutton his vest and shirt, Will took the initiative and pulled his shirt off over his head and kicked his shoes, trousers and underwear the rest of the way off, lastly pulling off his socks so as not to appear a complete savage.

When he looked back at Hannibal the man had his back to him. A well muscled expanse that definitely confirmed him as a swimmer as far as Will could tell. He toed out of his shoes and then delicately but quickly removed his socks and trousers. All so prim, ridiculously prim. Will winced at how that made his dick ache.

He bit his lip, unable to stop himself stroking his cock in anticipation as Hannibal turned, in just his expensive looking boxer briefs.

"You're in such good shape," Will couldn't help muttering, as he took in the sight. He looked like he took care of himself, toned in the right places with the barest tum that showed his age. His chest hair was greying a little here and there, and his nipples were a little on the larger side, though mostly buried in hair.

Will whimpered and tried not to pump his cock in case he lost it completely.

Hannibal stepped back over and straddled him, leaning in to kiss him for a few slow minutes before he pulled back.

"I want to ride you," Hannibal growled.

Will's breath shuddered and his eyes went wide as he nodded. He was good either way, but couldn't help but be surprised that the older man didn't want his ass. That always seemed the stereotype. And certainly what most guys had wanted from him in the past.

"Okay," Will nodded, breathing heavily.

Hannibal leaned down and kissed him again, grinding against Will's cock in such a tempting way that it took Will a moment to realise that something wasn't as expected. He was still trying to figure it out when Hannibal broke the kiss enough to move back off of him, strip out of his underwear and grab a condom from his wallet before settling back over Will's thighs.

Will blinked, trying to take in what was going on. He tried to glance downwards, but now Hannibal's hands were there, rolling a condom onto him and stroking up and down. Will groaned and let his head fall back as he felt Hannibal moving.

Was he just going to plunge onto him dry? Will could only speak from mostly bottoming with guys in the past, but he had been damn sure to use lube every time either way.

There was something definitely not as expected with this situation.

Will's mind blanked out on any further thought as he felt Hannibal sink down onto his cock.

"Oh fuck…" Will groaned, his hands automatically going to the man's hips as he slid all the way to the hilt.

This definitely really wasn't as expected.

"Hannibal…" Will started, and then bit his lower lip as Hannibal started to grind against him, a blissed out look on the man's face.

As Hannibal began to ride him hard, Will dug his fingers into his hips and began to meet his thrusts. He couldn't deny how amazing this felt, being under Hannibal. Letting Hannibal take what he wanted, how he wanted.

It was such a fucking turn on Will was sure he wouldn't last much longer.

"Oh fuck…" He whined, "S-soon." He warned with a wince, feeling like a fucking idiot for lasting about as long as a teenager.

Hannibal grinned down at him and slowed. His hips moving in wider circles, as he leaned in to kiss Will again. Slow, calming. Will let out a relieved breath as he matched pace and relaxed into it.

They kissed for long minutes, tongues moving against each other slowly but with an underlying desperation.

Finally Hannibal broke again and sat back enough for Will to realise, as the pace picked up, that Hannibal was stroking his own small cock between his fingers. Will could feel the fluttering it caused around his own cock as Hannibal started to bring himself to the edge.

Will took it as an invitation to release and gripped Hannibal again, fucking up into him as he increased the pumps of his own cock until they were both sweating and grunting and had they been in a bed, Will would have rolled them and fucked hard into Hannibal. He was glad not to have the option, given how clearly aroused Hannibal was as he grunted one last time with a few last strokes of his cock as his inner muscles tightened around Will.

That was all it took for Will to practically explode inside him, his head lolling back as he cried out and filled the condom. He continued to thrust up a few more times, spilling as deep as he could, before they both slowed and Hannibal collapsed over him.

Their sweaty skin was slick against one another as they panted against each other's necks.

After a few minutes Hannibal shifted, pulling off of him and onto his thighs removing the condom before his come started to leak back. He tied it off and dropped it on the floor next to the chaise, which made Will grin, not the sort of uncouth mess he expected from the doctor.

Hannibal lay back over him them, enough to the side to not crush Will. Enough for Will to feel Hannibal's wetness against his thigh.

Hannibal propped himself up on one elbow, looking down at him, stroking his hair with a smile.

"Are we… going to talk about what just happened?" Will asked tentatively. Unsure whether he meant having fucked, having done so in Hannibal's office, or the fact that Hannibal was transgender.

"Do you believe we need to?" Hannibal asked, completely calm and collected. In control of himself as always.

"No," Will made the realisation aloud, with a smile that was softly returned.

Chapter End Notes

Got a few fics coming up for events, etc so ch4 of this fic will be posting on 19 Dec! See you then :D

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Getting to know each other... even more intimately...

Will hadn’t been sure how to feel about leaving Hannibal’s office, kissing him on the step, before heading home in the dark. Hannibal had insisted on tidying his office himself, not wanting Will to be out too late with class the next day. And it was getting late as they'd made out a little more before pulling each other away. He didn't want to overthink any of it and just let himself enjoy the fruition of many weeks of sexual tension.

It was hard to keep the smile off his face as he headed home, but there was a nugget of fear. What if Hannibal was done with him now? Got what he wanted. What if they explored this as Will’s resistance to Hannibal’s gift giving was an issue?

Will had to push the thought aside when he arrived home to find Bev sat at their little two-seater dining table, holding a mug of tea in front of her.

"Good evening," she said, drolly.

Will rolled his eyes. He should have known she’d wait up. He hadn’t said that he wouldn’t be back right after class, but apparently it was obvious what he’d been up to, if her grin was anything to go by.

“Sugar daddy show you a good time?” She teased, her desire for the gossip very clear.

“Bev,” Will growled, scalding.

“What?! I care. I’m the one that has to live with you when you’re… frustrated.”

Will scowled at her and she grinned.

“Well given the state of your hair and the generally satisfied vibe you’re giving off I’m going to guess you got laid. How was Doctor Daddy? Did he spoil you with his cock?”

Will dropped into the seat opposite her and felt a pleasant shudder go through him at the memory of his evening.

“Did you guys go to dinner?” Bev asked, sipping at her tea and finally reining in her clear voyeuristic interest.

"No. I… went to see him at his office. And…"

Bev blinked. "And… you went back to his place?" Her eyes were wide as she asked tentatively, wider still when he looked down and gave a little shake of her head. "Holy shit, Will! Did you fuck in his office?!"

Will let out a groan and dropped his head into his hands. "Fuck, it sounds… sordid. It just happened. I…"

"No judgements here baby," Bev grinned as she placed down her mug and held her hands up in a gesture to support the sentiment. "Are you seeing him again?"

"He invited me for dinner at his place, but I have to get back to him with a date I'm free. I have some papers due." Will felt the itching impatience under his skin of wanting to see Hannibal again as soon as possible. Bev could clearly see it too and she grinned gently at him. Encouragingly.

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It was two weeks before Will was able to find an evening free, and in that time their messages resumed. Much along the same friendly and flirtatious lines as before, with neither of them actually mentioning the night in Hannibal's office.

It wasn't something Will wanted to bring up over message, though he had to admit to himself the temptation more than once to initiate some sort of phone or messaging sex had been there. Or at least encourage Hannibal to initiate it, but he had no idea how to go about either and whether Hannibal would be into that.

At the least it built up the frustration and anticipation, so by the time Will followed Hannibal's directions to his home, he was about ready to come in his pants on sight.

Or at least until he saw the rather lavish home. Will was sure his and Bev's whole apartment would likely fit into just one room. He stood on the doorstep trying to make himself ring the bell and losing confidence with every moment that ticked by.

He wished he didn't care, but he couldn't help but see again how different they were in their situations. And whilst Will liked to think he'd graduate well enough to get a reasonably well earning job down the road, he couldn't escape being a scholarship student from the bayou.

It was ridiculous really. Will knew so many other people that would grab this situation with both hands and just make the most of it. Maybe even try to use Hannibal.

Will sighed and closed his eyes, gearing up to press the doorbell when the door opened.

"Will," Hannibal greeted with a subtle and pleasant smile, always so cool and in control. Unreadable really. "I thought dinner might get cold whilst waiting for you to get up the courage to ring the bell." Hannibal's lips curled into a slight smirk for a fraction of a second,

"Sorry," Will felt his cheeks heat and could see how much Hannibal enjoyed that.

Hannibal held the door open expectantly and Will walked through it, because the pull of Hannibal was stronger than how intimidated Will was by him.

He stood in the extravagant foyer as Hannibal closed the door and turned to him. The gentle smile was back and Will tried to school his expressive features. But it was clearly too late, Hannibal had already read his misgivings in his eyebrows.

“I-” Will started, about to try and explain, but Hannibal stepped toward him, stroked the back of his hand down Will’s lightly stubbled cheek and then leaned in to kiss him.

It was a delicate kiss, not as charged as their previous ones. No hesitation, but a slowness that spoke of no need to rush.

Hannibal’s hand drifted to the nape of his neck, once more playing with the curls there as his other landed gently on Will’s hip. There was no pressure to either contact point, and yet Will was effectively held in place as Hannibal proceeded to kiss him. To make love to him with his mouth, was the only way Will could categorise this kiss.

He closed his eyes and melted into it as they kissed soft and languid for several long minutes, his own arms coming up around Hannibal’s neck, into a close embrace.

Will found himself relaxing all the more as every moment passed, until Hannibal finally pulled back and murmured against his lips, “Better?”

Will let out a soft sigh.

“I’ve been… overthinking things.” Will admitted.

Hannibal nuzzled lightly at his neck, “How so?”

There was a slightly guarded tone there and Will suddenly realised how this might seem to Hannibal’s point of view. How he might assume Will’s hesitation was for a different reason than the stupid one that it was.

So he quickly explained, “I’m not used to this sort of wealth. My family was poor, my schooling has been through scholarships. Coming somewhere like this for dinner, with you. And you already admitted you like to spoil people… It’s… not something I’m used to.”

“Spoil *you*, Will.” Hannibal corrected, pulling back to look at him. “Not people, you. There have been very few in my life I’ve given my affections to, very few I’ve wanted to spoil.”

Will swallowed at that and shivered. Hannibal’s attentions, in any regard, were overwhelming.

“I don’t know if I can let you.” Will replied quietly.

Hannibal let out a light chuckle, “I don’t know that you have a choice.”

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Dinner was phenomenal. Better than any restaurant Will had ever been to, and all the more impressive for having been entirely cooked by Hannibal.

Another thing the man excelled at. But the skill that had most impressed Will, was Hannibal's ability to completely disarm him and set him at ease.

Sitting there at the lavish table with food like he'd never seen before, felt less daunting and more an adventure with Hannibal explaining it all to him. After a while he couldn't help but grin and accuse Hannibal of just loving the sound of his own voice.

The tease pulled a grin and Hannibal then made Will tell him about his studies.

Made because there really didn't feel like a choice when Hannibal asked, and Will found himself liking that in a way he hadn't expected. The gentle domination Hannibal had over him was somewhat exhilarating. Though Will's automatic reaction to that was to hide it and pretend he wasn't flustered. Which Hannibal also seemed to enjoy.

In a strange way, they were well matched. A better match than he'd ever been with Matthew.

"Will?" Hannibal asked and Will realised he'd noticed him drift into dark thoughts. "Are you alright?"

Will smiled and shook his head dismissively, "Yeah. Just… remembering someone who thought he could treat me like an asshole."

Hannibal cocked his head, "And being here with me made you think of that? Do you expect me to treat you like an asshole?" The tone was light and teasing, and Will was more than a little amused at the way prim and proper Hannibal sounded cursing.

"Maybe I thought of that because of how nice you are to me." Will grinned and teased back.

"I could be nicer." Hannibal rumbled the words and Will shivered.

He let out a shuddering breath as Hannibal stood from his own seat, dropping his napkin on the table, before stalking around to Will and pushing his chair back. It scraped on the floor and the jarring sound made Will shake, a roughness to it.

Hannibal kept eye contact as he sank to his knees and started to unbuckle Will's belt. He was rough as he pulled it apart, and the same as he opened the button fly. Will was panting and trembling as Hannibal pulled his hardening cock from his underwear and sank his mouth down onto it.

Eye contact was lost then and Will let his head drop back onto the chair and he hardened all the more in Hannibal's mouth as the man sucked him.

"Oh, fuck…" Will swallowed and let his hands slip into Hannibal's silky hair, ruffling it out of it's styling. "Oh god…" Will's hips thrust up involuntarily, pushing his cock to the back of Hannibal's throat.

Hannibal groaned and pulled back, all the way off, and then kissed the tip of Will's now rock hard cock.

“Shall I continue, or should I fetch a condom?” Hannibal asked as he circled a fist around Will and began to slowly pump him.

Will groaned. The choice seemed almost impossible.

His dick jumped at the thought of having Hannibal’s mouth back on him, but being back inside Hannibal? Feeling that warm, wet heat around him? He couldn’t deny it had been some of the best sex of his life. Maybe because it was Hannibal, maybe the situation and location. But more than that, the idea of reassuring Hannibal, of making clear that Will had no issues whatsoever, won over everything.

“Condom,” Will breathed the word heavily and took over stroking his cock as Hannibal smirked and stood. Will didn’t watch, resting his head back again and listening to the movements, the rustling, as he stroked languidly.

He jumped and opened his eyes as Hannibal’s hands were on him again. He rolled the condom over Will’s glans and then lowered his mouth again, using his tongue and lips to roll the condom on as he took Will to the back of his throat.

Will cried out at the unexpected action and felt tears prick the corners of his eyes from the oversensitivity of it. His cock throbbed and his balls drew up, for a moment he was sure he was going to come. But then Hannibal drew back, grinning at him again.

Will panted, not unaware that his breathing was so obviously laboured, as Hannibal stood between his spread legs. The doctor took no action, just looked down at him and made a noise low in his throat. It was enough for Will to get the message.

He tried to keep his fingers from shaking as he undid Hannibal’s belt and pants, slowly pushing them down along with dark underwear, baring Hannibal to him.

Will let out a shuddering breath and leaned in to nuzzle at Hannibal’s hip, before ducking his head and moving lower. Hannibal’s trousers dropped below his knees as moved back and lifted himself onto the edge of the table, spreading his legs a little. Not on obscene amount, but enough for Will to slip his fingers against him.

Will swallowed, panting and tentative as he slid his fingers between Hannibal’s wet folds, immediately finding his cock and stroking it. He felt it harden and throb between his fingers and he moved his other hand to spread Hannibal so he could lean in and take his cock into his mouth.

Hannibal let out an approving hum as Will sucked his cock and Will was glad of the encouragement, not wanting to get this wrong. He made a quick and presumptive decision to treat it like any other cock and suck. More pleasured sounds came from Hannibal as Will took his time lavishing his cock with attention.

When Hannibal automatically spread his legs a little more, Will slipped his fingers inside him, seeking and finding his g-spot immediately.

Will got immense satisfaction from Hannibal's subsequent groan, feeling the man tremble as he took hold of Will's shoulders for support.

Will pulled back, taking gasping breaths before pulling Hannibal forward. But Hannibal resisted and Will dropped his hands, realising that Hannibal planned to keep control in all of this and Will was just fine with that.

Hannibal stroked the side of his face as he slipped off his shoes and stepped out of one pant leg as he moved off of the table, enough to straddle Will.

Will moaned his eagerness and Hannibal put his arms around his neck, leaning in to kiss him as he began to lower himself onto Will's dick. It was torturously slow and Will groaned, flexing his hands against Hannibal's hips as he resisted pushing him all the way down.

"You feel so good," the words left Will in a rush before he even thought about what he was saying.

Hannibal hummed and rewarded Will by circling his hips and sinking further.

Hannibal leaned in to kiss him and Will enthusiastically kissed him back. Then Hannibal was riding him again, and Will wrapped his arms around his waist as he began to thrust up until they were fucking together, hard and breathless.

Will had to pull back from the kiss, unable to breath. Hannibal moved his mouth to Will's neck, nuzzling at him as he grunted at each of Will's thrusts.

Will knew Hannibal must be getting close because he was losing his rhythm, unable to fuck himself on Will's dick quite as hard. His breath coming in grunts and gasps against Will's skin. Will decided to pick up the slack, fucking hard up into Hannibal until he felt the man going pliant and shaking through his climax until his inner muscles were clenching hard around Will.

Will grunted and thrust a few more times before his balls tightened and he came, holding Hannibal close to him and burying his face in his shirt.

"So good…" Will muttered.

Hannibal murmured his agreement.

*

Will woke in Hannibal's palatial bed, Hannibal's arm around him where he spooned against Will's back.

He couldn't deny how good it felt, despite his lack of intention to stay over.

After dinner and fucking in the dining room, Will had quipped about whether they would ever make it to a bed before having sex and Hannibal had taken it as a challenge. They'd relocated to his room, but Will hadn't taken much note of it at the time in the mood lighting before he'd gone down on Hannibal and made him come again.

He'd intended to leave, he really had. But they'd ended up naked and kissing until they both fell asleep.

And now he was taking in the room. Everything in it looked like the most expensive thing Will had ever seen, until he saw the next thing, then the next. He fought down the urge to let it bother him, needing to not overthink it.

"Morning," Hannibal rumbled the word against his shoulder in a pleasant tone as he nuzzled against him.

"You sound like you weren't expecting me to be here when you woke up." Will teased, not sure he expected it either.

Hannibal hummed. "Can I take you to breakfast?"

"Or we could just stay in bed?" Will tentatively suggested.

Hannibal hummed again, rolling Will onto his back and moving over him.

Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Negotiations and compromise...

"I… I can't accept this…" Will felt his face heat with the awkwardness, especially when he saw the brief moment where Hannibal's expression registered disappointment.

"It's a first edition…" Hannibal started to explain of the book, and then changed tack, reiterating something he'd already explained too many times. "I'm rather old fashioned, I'd like to spoil you."

"Old fashioned? I'm pretty sure fucking in your office on our fourth meeting is not old fashioned," Will chuckled, trying to lighten the mood and dismiss Hannibal at the same time.

The book was expensive. Clearly. It was also one of Will's favourites from when he was a teenager and he vaguely remembered mentioning it in passing a week or two earlier at dinner. And whilst he was flattered that Hannibal had taken that information on board, it wasn't a gift he could accept. It must have cost thousands.

"This… the cost of this could probably have paid for my textbooks for this year. Probably the last two years…" Will started to object more strongly and then stopped himself seeing, again, a barely there look of disappointment. "I… I'm being rude."

Will said the words, even felt that way in the moment. He'd been taught never to be impolite about a gift. But as soon as he said it annoyance crept in. Surely it was rude of Hannibal to put him in this position?

Will took a breath and replied gently, "It's a very thoughtful gift, but I really can't accept it."

Hannibal nodded his understanding and wordlessly left the table. Will could hear him back in the kitchen preparing dessert and was torn between frustration at himself and frustration at Hannibal.

When Will left after dinner the book remained on the table, and he had no idea whether Hannibal would return it, or add it to his own library.

*

"That's… quite a gift." Bev responded to his explanation of the weekend at Hannibal's as they stood waiting for class Monday morning.

He'd been at Hannibal's the last three weekends out of four and some evenings, and Bev was always wanting to know more about what was happening there. Will only shared tidbits, and not even juicy ones.

"It's ridiculous." Will frowned and let out a huff.

"It is, absolutely," Bev agreed, "but it's also… really nice? Like just… thoughtful and look he has the money. Why shouldn't he spend it on you? Your his boyfriend."

"I'm not… I'm not his boyfriend, Bev." Will's frown deepened as he inspected both her words and his own.

She cocked a brow at him and gave an incredulous look.

"So you're just fucking?"

"No… I don't know what we're doing. We're… I don't know. I don't know if it's serious or…" Will trailed off. He really didn't know, but the fact was he had his own toothbrush in Hannibal's ensuite now. What did that mean?

Bev shook her head and came back to the point, "What did you say about the book?"

"I said I couldn't take it. I mean… what if we stopped seeing each other? Do I give it back?"

"He wouldn't miss the money," Bev pointed out.

Will shook his head, "But also… what if I'm short for rent one month, or need something for class or whatever. I've had to sell shit before to make ends meet. How could I ignore something that could sell for so much? How could I justify keeping it if I needed to make rent?"

"You could just ask Hannibal for the money if you can't pay rent," Bev teased with a grin and pushed her shoulder into his.

""Very funny," Will responded, droll and still frustrated.

The door to class opened and the conversation was shelved.

*

~I feel that I've overstepped, and yet it seems wrong to ask you to let me make it up to you. Perhaps you'll at least consider staying over this weekend?

Hannibal's message made Will swallow and his pulse race with a strange anxiety. He really didn't want this to come between them. He'd known from the very beginning that Hannibal was this way, how he wanted to treat Will. But likewise, Will had made clear he wasn't comfortable with it and perhaps this just illustrated that it was a point they couldn't get past.

Will sighed and replied.

~I'll come over after class on Friday.

He deliberately didn't give any expectation as to whether he'd stay beyond that.

Though he did end up staying.

Despite what this wrong footing might have said about what was between them and how it could or couldn't proceed, they ended up fucking as soon as Will arrived.

It was hard and passionate, Hannibal allowing more control to Will, and Will taking it as he worked out some of that strange energy by pounding into Hannibal.

After that Hannibal had fixed them a light supper and they'd gone back to bed, affectionate and sweet. No further mention of the book.

*

It was two weeks later before Will realised that this wasn't going away.

The book hadn't been mentioned and there'd been no further attempts to spoil Will. In fact, with assignments due, and late appointments for Hannibal, they'd barely seen each other until the next weekend Will had been able to spare.

Will was looking forward to heading over to Hannibal's on Saturday morning, thinking about Hannibal being tight around him as he jerked off in the shower Friday night. By the time he returned to his room to turn in for the night, Hannibal must have finished for the day and headed home, a text coming through from him.

~Pack for warm, wet weather.

Will frowned, but knew his maybe-kinda-boyfriend well enough to know that asking questions would only earn him cryptic answers that possibly included tidbits of information about Yeats or Ancient Greece, or somehow both!

So Will packed and tried not to overthink it.

But when morning arrived and Hannibal came by in his Bently to pick him up, Will realised he should have asked.

There was a little case on the backseat and it was clear that Hannibal intended for them to go on some sort of trip.

"What's going on?" Will asked tentatively as he got into the car, and pulled his backpack onto his lap.

"I would like you to teach me to fish," Hannibal smiled over at him and then leaned across to kiss his cheek before putting the car in gear and pulling away.

Will didn't hate the idea. In fact he'd thought about it many times when Hannibal had asked him about his childhood and hobbies and fishing came up again and again as something he

loved but rarely had chance for these days. But being caught off guard by Hannibal making this decision for them rather than actually asking Will, didn't sit well. It was the sort of bullshit Matt used to pull, though usually dragging him into things he had no interest in at all.

"I… would love that, really. But I wish you'd asked me first," Will frowned and looked out the window. He must sound like a brat to Hannibal, but if he'd learned anything from being with Matt it was that he had to stand his ground. He'd been letting Hannibal get away with the little things, but this was too much. Too big.

"I didn't want to risk you saying no," Hannibal replied, pleasant. They stopped at a red light then and Hannibal looked over, immediately reading Will's reaction and realising his mistake. "I apologise, you're right. I should have asked. We should have planned this together."

The apology was sincere, as was the look of deep concern on Hannibal's face, as though he was waiting for Will to ask him to turn back to the apartment as soon as the light changed.

Will didn't, but even so, less than a minute after the green light let them through, Hannibal pulled up and put the car in park.

He turned his whole body to Will and let out a heavy breath.

"We keep doing this. I keep doing this. This misstep. I appreciate you telling me, because I don't want to misstep with you." Hannibal's voice was a low rumble and his usually inscrutable expression was easy to read as concern. Fear, actually. Will usually could read people well, and now Hannibal's fear that Will would call it quits, whatever this was between them, was palpable.

Will let out a soft sigh, "You know, normal people, not people with more money than sense? Those people? When they want to plan a trip away with their boyfriend they might be a bit more considerate."

Hannibal's face brightened and it took Will a moment to register his own words, his own labelling of their relationship as Hannibal leaned in.

He cupped Will's face in one hand, murmuring against his lips, "I need to speak your language more. It's selfish of me to only speak my own, to only think to spoil you and demonstrate my affection in such a way, when your own language is much more physical."

Hannibal closed the tiny distance between their mouths and kissed him gently, a slow, soft kiss that made Will's toes curl.

Will groaned into Hannibal's mouth as his hand once more found its way to the back of Will's neck and played there in the short curls.

Hannibal pulled back to look into Will's eyes, his own blown dark with want and Will sure that his weren't much different.

“Your language is one of physical affections. I don’t need to be your therapist to understand why, I just need to be your boyfriend and give you what you wish. To show my affection for you by touch and physical comfort.” As he spoke, Hannibal’s hands caressed his neck and face.

And he wasn’t wrong. Will had opened up enough here and there for Hannibal to understand that his childhood had been lonely. That physical affection and comfort was never forthcoming and that he craved it now when he let himself. And he did let himself with Hannibal.

And contrary to what he was saying, Hannibal showed him all the time, as they lay in bed with hands on each other. In fact, he couldn’t deny that Hannibal’s fingers at the nape of his neck that very first time and every time since, spoke volumes.

Will let out a long breath, shuddering as he did so. His cock painfully tenting his trousers.

“We better get on the road before we end up fucking on the backseat in broad daylight.” Will said through a tight jaw.

Hannibal nuzzled against his lips for a moment and then pulled back with a nod.

Will hoped they didn’t have a long journey ahead.

*

Will blinked. He looked between Hannibal and the fishing boat.

Because this was not a fishing boat.

It wasn’t exactly a luxury yacht, but it might as well be. There was a small crew, and it had more than one bedroom.

Will huffed as he shouldered his backpack, despite some kind of cabin boy rushing over to grab their luggage.

“We could have just rented a boat you know? I can sail. I could have-” Will huffed petulantly, but was stopped when Hannibal pressed a kiss to his cheek and then nuzzled into him.

“I want you to show me how to fish. Not how to sail. Teach me.”

Will shuddered and bit at his lower lip as they continued along the marina. Likely very knowingly, Hannibal had hit upon something Will enjoyed. Perhaps was even part of his own language of affection.

He liked to share parts of himself with the right person, and Hannibal wanted him to share this part.

*

“You want to fish?” It was a challenge not a question and Hannibal clearly realised that when he sat up in bed and blinked. “Get dressed,” Will told him before leaving the cabin.

Will couldn’t help but feel a bit out of sorts. He had expected a fishing trip, prepared to hope it wasn’t going to be as over the top as it looked. But it was.

The boat had its own chef who fixed them an amazing dinner. The whole thing was like being on a private floating hotel. And that just wasn’t Will’s scene, especially as it felt like he really hadn’t had a say in any part of this - as much as he’d tried to move on from that.

It wasn’t long before Hannibal joined him on deck and Will handed him the cool box.

“You carry this,” Will told Hannibal as he picked up the fishing gear and lead the way to the little motorised dinghy he’d had the crew lower.

Hannibal said nothing and Will offered no information as he climbed down into the boat and started to stow their tackle before reaching up for the box. Hannibal handed it to him and Will helped him in until they were both settled and they cast off.

“We passed a little outlet, strong current. Probably get some good bites there.” Will explained as he rowed. The boat had a small motor, but in the quiet of the morning he didn’t want to use it when not needed, and he didn’t want to scare the fish off.

He rowed for about twenty minutes, until their boat was a little distance off and they were near the shore.

“Are we staying in the boat?” Hannibal finally asked. He’d been so quiet and Will had liked that. Liked that he’d just trusted Will to do this his way if Hannibal was going to insist on it.

Will shook his head, “Nah, we’ll find a good spot.”

It was easy for Will to spot a good place for setting up their rods. They didn't have waders and this wasn't exactly like the bayou or any of the rivers he'd fished in so they'd be casting off from the outcrop of a shingle beach.

It was a warm day and clearly going to get hot, but the inlet Will chose was shaded enough by some low beach cliffs. As they neared the beach, Will jumped out of the boat and used the momentum of the tide to bring the boat up onto the beach.

He felt Hannibal's eyes on him the whole time. It sent a shiver over him and he found he really didn’t mind.

*

Hannibal was a quick study, and it was clear that he was taking an interest. Though whether that was in fishing or just in Will teaching him something, Will couldn't say.

Will had to concede, begrudgingly, that this was nice.

They stretched out next to each other, relaxing on a picnic blanket as their lines bobbed. Will loved to fish, he loved the idea of providing, he loved the solitude - despite being more than willing to share that with Hannibal, he discovered.

Even so, as perfect as the day was turning out, with their toned down packed lunch and three catches of their own to take back later, Will couldn't let it go.

He let out a heavy sigh as they lay there, the afternoon sun moving slowly overhead, casting shadows.

"Today has been really great. It's… a thoughtful gift." Will started.

"But?" Hannibal replied immediately, good naturedly. He rolled on his side and lay against Will, looking down at him and casting a shadow of his own.

"But, I would have preferred if you'd let me have more of a say, other than refusing to come at all. Which felt like the only other option. I wish… Next time, can we plan this together? Can I contribute? This… I've loved spending time with you, but this isn't romantic, it's controlling. We could have done something cheaper, rented a little boat. Not this full on… We could have done my version of this and..." Will trailed off with a sigh.

Hannibal was completely still for a moment and then blinked.

"You're right. I apologise." Hannibal's voice was low and tone contrite. "I don't like to try and shift blame, I fondly believe that there is rarely an excuse, even if there are reasons. So I don't intend to excuse my behaviour. But I will give a reason that I think I hadn't even realised before this moment."

Hannibal's jaw clenched for a moment and he looked off, as though wrestling with something. Will had never seen the cool and controlled man that way, even when they were intimate, he never seemed so vulnerable. So pained.

"I won't make excuses. But I do believe the reason I am, as you say, controlling is…" Hannibal huffed a sigh and lay back.

Will followed so their positions were reversed, and he looked down at Hannibal, placing his hand on Hannibal's chest and threading fingers through the gaps between his shirt buttons to play with his chest hair.

"If it's something that makes you uncomfortable to discuss-" Will started but was cut off with a sharp shake of Hannibal's head.

"I have lived as a man for many years now, it is often hard to recognise - even being a therapist to others - behaviours that have resulted from an upbringing where I was socialised as female. The idea that to be male is to emulate a stereotype. To behave a certain way, especially as a lover." Hannibal continued, his tone flat. He let out a heavy breath and looked up at Will, stroking a hand into Will's hair. "I apologise, I want to spoil you, but I don't want to control you. I would love to do something like this again, something you enjoy. But I won't exclude you from the planning."

Will smiled and nodded, glad he'd said something.

They had never really discussed Hannibal being transgender. It wasn't something Will felt the need to raise. He liked Hannibal, enjoyed his company and enjoyed being intimate. He didn't need to know more about who Hannibal was, the man was right there in front of him. If Hannibal ever wanted to discuss any of it, small or big, then Will was willing to listen but he would never push or assume a right to know. And it would never change anything between them.

It wouldn't change the fact that Will was falling for him.

Chapter 6

Chapter Summary

Will starts to learn how to accept a gift

"What do you think?" Hannibal asked as Will sipped the coffee.

"Mmm, it's pretty amazing." Will replied, looking over his cup and taking another sip before placing it back on Hannibal's kitchen counter and raising a brow. "Is coffee why you wanted me here early?"

Hannibal smirked, and Will knew he was remembering just as much as Will was, the many mornings Hannibal had persuaded Will to stop in on his way to class. Will had to admit he really did appreciate the stress relieving blow job on the days where he had to give a presentation or had a meeting with his thesis supervisor.

"You could have called me last night, I could have come stayed over," Will moved towards Hannibal, where the man stood leaning back against the counter.

"Perhaps I should have." Hannibal admitted as Will rested his hands on the counter behind him and pressed their bodies together.

Will nudged his mouth at Hannibal's taking nipping little kisses as though sipping the taste of the coffee from Hannibal's lips. When Hannibal opened to him, Will deepened the kiss and pressed his hardening length to Hannibal's thigh. Hannibal groaned into his mouth.

And then pushed him back.

It was a soft push, and the way Hannibal licked his lips as they stepped apart, made Will's cock throb.

"I wanted to surprise you…" Hannibal started and Will shook his head a little, a slight smile on his face that he hoped he wasn't about to lose.

Hannibal had been very careful since their boat trip a few weeks earlier. Spoiling Will had become many more dinners at his house, tickets to a special exhibition at The Evil Minds Research Museum, A new scarf when the weather started to cool. All things that allowed them to spend time together, were thoughtful, and all at low or very little cost.

Maybe Will was being ridiculous, as Bev pointed out more than once, but accepting $25 tickets for a special exhibition that he had already planned to fork out for himself, was not the same as Hannibal whisking him off to all expenses paid luxury yacht weekends.

“Surprise me?” Will asked hesitantly.

Hannibal stepped aside and revealed a brand new coffee maker.

“Okay…” Will eyed Hannibal curiously. It was significantly less fancy than the crazy coffee apparatus that sat in Hannibal’s kitchen. And he had no idea why Hannibal would need two coffee makers.

And then realisation dawned.

“Hannibal…” Will started to protest but Hannibal shook his head.

“Please, it’s… it wasn’t very expensive, and more importantly the coffee capsules it uses - such as you just tasted - are affordable. There are also many offbrand versions that this machine will take. And recyclable.” Hannibal then added quickly, “Coffee is something you enjoy and drink often. We met…”

He trailed off and Will knew it was because he caught himself on that point. For months they’d been doing a great job of not speaking about how serious things were becoming between them. Referencing their first meeting was definitely opening them up to something they perhaps weren’t ready to acknowledge. If Hannibal even felt the same way at all.

Will tried to shake the thought of Hannibal having five other toy boys that he liked to spoil and fuck when Will wasn’t around. Even though he knew that just couldn’t be true.

“Is this okay?” Hannibal asked tentatively, the words pulling Will back to the moment. “I think you’re more inclined to let me spoil you if I give you practical things. Relatively inexpensive things.”

Will took a deep breath, so many thoughts and emotions running through him.

It was a thoughtful gift. It allowed Hannibal to get some emotional value from spoiling him, whilst not stepping over Will’s feelings, perhaps even his boundaries. Because a coffee maker for his apartment was certainly a hard gift to turn down.

But that wasn’t what Will was getting hung up on. It wasn’t why he felt his palms starting to sweat.

And so when Hannibal looked as though he was about to say more, Will blurted, “I don’t want us to see other people.”

Hannibal stopped, still and calm like cool waters, as always.

He regarded Will for a moment and looked as speechless as he clearly was.

“I… like you. I’m…” Will held back the words he was about to admit, “I don’t want… I know you want to spoil me and I push it back at you constantly, but I don’t want you to spoil someone else. I don’t want to think about other young guys who might be happy to have you lavish that sort of attention on them. But if that’s-”

“Will.” Hannibal cut him off, blinking once and then going silent for another moment before answering very calmly. “I am not, nor have I been seeing anyone else whilst we’ve been together. I don’t know what sort of impression I-”

“No, fuck… I’m messing this up.” Will winced. “I didn’t know if you were or not. I hoped… but I mean, we never discussed it. We never said we were exclusive. And the thought of there even being the remotest possibility that you might have someone else… someone who didn’t mind being spoiled, someone less trouble than-”

“You’re not trouble.” Hannibal said bluntly.

Will’s palms were sweating so much he wiped them on his pants. The back of his neck was prickling and damp too.

“I’m fucking this up. I just wanted to… I haven’t been seeing anyone else either and I want us to do that. I mean, to do what we’ve been doing, not seeing other people.”

Hannibal’s lips twitched into the briefest of smirks as he teased, “Will Graham, are you asking me to go steady?”

*

“I’m sorry,” Will muttered against Hannibal’s lips again before the man grumbled and pushed him down onto the bed. Will was breathless as he sat on the bed and continued, “I didn’t mean to insinuate…”

“Hush,” Hannibal growled. “It’s forgotten.”

Will shuddered when Hannibal stepped back and he heard the dresser drawer rattle. The one where he knew Hannibal kept the couple of sex toys they’d played with before. He'd used a vibrating cockring Hannibal enjoyed the sensation of, and more than once Hannibal had plugged his own ass whilst they fucked.

But Will wasn't naive about the other items he'd glimpsed in there. Most notably several variations of strapons that now had his heart racing. He'd had anal sex before and didn't consider himself specifically either a top or a bottom, but so far with Hannibal it had all been front hole sex. Which Will enjoyed massively, all the more for it being with Hannibal.

He couldn't say this was the first time he'd thought about Hannibal fucking him, and even though he suspected what Hannibal was looking for in that drawer, he couldn't help but grunt out, "Hannibal, please fuck me. I want to feel your cock inside me."

Even with his back to him, Will was sure Hannibal gave a slight shudder at the words, He turned with a gentle grin, "I can think of nothing more delightful."

He had in hand a fairly non-threatening, dark purple, dildo already attached to a harness. Will knew there were more adventurous and bigger items in that drawer, but was glad that Hannibal had gone for something more straight forward for their first time together like this.

They didn't break eye contact as Hannibal doned the harness, adjusting it to sit comfortably.

Will let out a shuddering breath.

"Is this alright Will?" Hannibal asked. His tone was no nonsense, but Will knew if he said no Hannibal would stop.

He didn't say no.

Will huffed another breath and swallowed and nodded. "Yes. Please."

Will felt like his blood was zinging around his veins, pumping hard with nervous anticipation and plumping his dick up. He was painfully hard before Hannibal even made it all the way back to the bed.

Hannibal leaned down, taking Will's mouth as they both moved back until Will was on his back, whimpering under the press of Hannibal's body. He couldn't hold back the noises escaping from his throat as Hannibal's cock pressed against the crease of his thigh, leaving him shuddering with want.

"Oh god," Will trembled, breaking the kiss in order to catch his breath. "That frst time in your office.... I loved every minute of it, but this is… I'd fantasised about you fucking me. I just assumed you'd prefer to…" Will trailed into a moan as Hannibal sucked kisses at his throat.

"My preferences are informed by the person and by the situation. By my mood. Right now I want to fuck you. I want to watch you come with me inside you. But that day…" Hannibal had been nuzzling the words against his skin, but now pulled back and looked down at him, crushing their lower halves together as a result.

Will was practically shaking with desire.

"That day I would have loved to take you, but I wanted all the more to feel you. And to…"

"To test me." Will finished, pulling Hannibal into another light kiss before the man nodded and pulled back again.

"It was a risk. On many fronts." Hannibal admitted. "But it would have given me an accurate measure of you. It did give me the measure of you…"

Hannibal gazed down at him, stroking his sweat damp hair off of his forehead.

"Will, I-"

Will grabbed him and kissed him again before he could finish the sentence. Not ready for it. Not ready for more to be said.

"Please fuck me," Will moaned and opened his legs all the more, letting Hannibal settle between them.

"Will…" Hannibal moaned and kissed him again.

*

"Oh god… Hannibal…" Will groaned, his eyes rolling as Hannibal bottomed out and Will nearly lost his balance. He lowered his head to his braced arms and pushed his ass back.

It had been a while, and Will had to admit to being a little nervous as a result. But Hannibal was slow and gentle, using plenty of lube as he eased in, circling his hips so that he was grinding as much as he was pushing. Inch by inch.

Will gripped the sheets, letting his head fall onto the cushion of his arms as he trembled beneath Hannibal, feeling the man's chest hair rub against his back on every forward movement.

Hannibal kissed at his shoulders and the side of his neck as he held himself for a moment before slowly pulling back.

"Unnggg," Will bit at his lower lip and closed his eyes as he adjusted to the girth inside him.

"Tell me if you need me to stop," Hannibal's words were gruff next to his ear and he realised how much the man had been holding back. How restrained he was when he pulled back and then pushed deep again, not fast, but a strong motion, like he couldn't ever get far enough inside.

Will whimpered, "Oh god, that's so good…"

Hannibal let out an approving hum, a sound from deep in his throat.

He continued to move inside Will in a way that made him feel like jelly under the man. Long, deep strokes. Movements rather than thrusts. Like being fucked by the ocean, Will thought, remembering their day on the boat and fishing.

"Is it… is it good for you?" Will managed to puff out the words as Hannibal continued to move.

"Yes," Hannibal clearly struggled to get the word out, caught in the pleasure the action was causing him.

"Fuck…" Will practically sobbed, his dick throbbing at Hannibal's admission. "I want to see your face… Please can we…" Will asked, desperately.

Hannibal bottomed out again then paused, breathing against Will's back before he pulled all the way out. Will cried out at the loss and collapsed to the mattress. He took a few steadying breaths before moving onto his front, pushing a pillow under his hips and spreading his legs.

Hannibal looked wrecked already and Will couldn't help but shiver at the sight of him. He was already closer than Will had realised. There had to be something built into the toy that pressed against Hannibal's cock, Will surmised.

"You're so beautiful," Hannibal muttered reverently as he moved between Will's legs.

Will let out a grunt then a whimper as Hannibal pressed back into him at this new and mind blowing angle that had Will reaching out and grabbing Hannibal's shoulders.

“Oh fuck… unggg, yes…” Will went pliant, his eyes rolling again as pleasure sparked each time Hannibal moved over his prostate.

Hannibal was panting, his hair falling forward, so uncomposed as he pressed his body to Will’s kissing him deeply as he resumed the long, slow thrusts of before.

Each thrust had Will rocking up the bed, moaning with pleasure, as he wrapped his legs around Hannibal’s hips.

They breathed heavily together, the kiss breaking every few moments so that they could catch air as they clung to each other.

The pressure of Hannibal pressed against him squeezed Will’s cock between them until the friction was a cruel tease bringing him to the edge but not letting him go over.

“Please… harder…” Will managed as he pushed Hannibal back a little. Enough to reach between them and grab his cock. As soon as he started pumping it, biting at his lower lip, Hannibal groaned and pulled back onto his knees before he began to rock faster.

At first it was still gentle, but with every stroke Hannibal pulled out a little further and thrust back in a little harder until he was fucking into Will so thoroughly that Will couldn’t keep his legs around the man. Instead they fell open as he lay there and let Hannibal use him, watching the man’s face contort with pleasure and feeling the dig of his fingers into his thighs as Hannibal’s hips jackhammered.

He wanted to close his eyes and be lost to the pleasure, but he couldn’t tear himself from the sight of Hannibal. The man was snarling, dripping with sweat, clearly pushing ever closer to his own release. It was mesmerisingly arousing just watching him, much less feeling him piston inside him.

Hannibal cried out and his body shuddered, his fingers dug so deep into the meat of Will’s thighs that they would bruise. Will felt Hannibal shaking through the spasms and the thought of his inner muscles clenching as he came was the last straw. Will came over his fist, jerking and groaning as thick come splattered up his chest and then dribbled over his hand.

His ass tightened around the dildo and he let out a shaky breath, clenching for a moment before relaxing as Hannibal started to pull out.

Hannibal held himself there for a moment, as though trying to recover enough to move. But Will reached for him and pulled him down, wrapping his legs around him once more. Their slicked cocks pressed against each other as they caught their breath and Will hummed his pleasure.

*

Will let himself in with the key Hannibal had given him a few weeks earlier. He hadn't used it before, but he knew Hannibal wouldn't be home just yet. He would usually kill time by strolling around and waiting, or spend time in the campus library before heading over at all. But instead, this time he'd popped into the drycleaners. He had noticed the dry cleaning stub

on the kitchen counter as he was about to leave in the morning and knew Hannibal had intended to collect it.

So he collected it on his way there instead and was still reeling from the experience as he hung the suit on the back of the kitchen stool.

Will helped himself to juice and made himself comfortable with a book, his ears pricking up when he heard the front door open.

"I'm in the kitchen," Will called out, not wanting to surprise him.

Hannibal entered the room with a bright grin, crossing to him immediately and kissing him softly. It was as he drew back that he noticed the dry cleaning bag.

“You picked up my drycleaning?” Hannibal asked, "I thought I'd have to do it tomorrow. You… didn't need to do that."

"I saw it there and… I wanted to be able to do something for you. It's not a lot but…" Will can't help the corners of his mouth tweaking into a smirk. "I don't want it to seem like I'm just in this for your money. Besides, it turned out to be a very interesting discussion."

Will fixes Hannibal with a hard stare that freezes the man to the spot.

"Oh yeah, they were delighted to meet me. 'So this is the young man he doesn't stop talking about. That's a doting partner you got there'."

Hannibal's cheeks reddened ever so slightly, "I hope I didn't overstep. Partner seemed the most accurate way to describe you, but I realise we never had that discussion. If you're not comforta-"

Will shook his head to cut Hannibal off, before pecking his lips lightly and then pulling back with a sigh.

“I’m… falling for you. I enjoy your company. I like who I am when I’m with you. This one thing that is difficult for me? Being spoiled. The money… I want it not to be, but I can’t help it. And I feel like we've been working it out between us in that regard. But it still feels one sided, like I'm not letting you express that side of yourself.” Will smiled gently, "If I'm going to be your partner I need to compromise too."

"You don't need to do that, Will." Hannibal protested gently.

Will let out a sigh and stepped into Hannibal's space, gently kissing him, "I do."

Chapter 7

Chapter Summary

One Year Later...

One Year Later

“Cukraus…” Hannibal breathed the word behind Will’s ear as he stirred. He couldn’t help but smile as he opened his eyes and let Hannibal roll him back into his arms and move over him. He didn’t even protest when Hannibal leaned in and kissed him, tasting the mint where Hannibal must have already been up.

“What do you want?” Will asked with a grin as Hannibal pulled back.

“You know.” Hannibal rumbled the words against Will’s lips. And he did.

It was Valentine’s Day, one of Hannibal’s days.

Will let out a soft sigh, relinquishing any argument, as Hannibal nuzzled against his throat. It would be wrong to argue anyway, they’d already come to this agreement.

“I’m going to take you out for lunch, in New York,” Hannibal pressed the words against Will’s flesh.

Will fought the urge to roll his eyes. “Just lunch?”

He could feel Hannibal’s lips curving into a smile against him, “I may have booked us return tickets for tomorrow. We may also have theatre tickets for this evening.”

“I just got you a card,” Will chuckled. He was joking, and he was sure Hannibal knew that. Will always tried to go for small, thoughtful gifts. This time he’d made him a very intricate fishing lure and had it framed, knowing it would take pride of place in Hannibal’s office despite not really fitting the aesthetic.

“I have you, what more could I want?” Hannibal replied, and Will’s heart skipped a beat. Being spoiled financially was something he wasn’t fond of, but Hannibal loving on him always made him feel more cherished than he could ever have imagined.

Hannibal kissed him again, deeply as he settled over him, pressing Will to the bed.

Will broke the kiss to ask breathlessly, “What time’s the flight?”

“We have to leave here in an hour,” Hannibal practically growled the words, starting to nuzzle at Will’s neck again as he continued, “You should shower and pack.”

Will hummed and returned the kiss.

Hannibal had, for the most part, successfully redirected his spoiling. Will hadn’t been in the least bit oblivious to how Hannibal’s efforts had redirected. Of course there were still the occasional dinners and low value, practical gifts. And Will did the same from time to time, knowing that whilst Hannibal didn't need the reciprocation, it meant something to him.

But for the most part, Hannibal had moved into spoiling Will with the language of love that worked for Will - affection. Hannibal doted on him, and took the time to sit with Will as he studied at Hannibal’s house after dinner, Will’s feet in his lap. Or insisted upon the extra hour in bed at weekends when Will stayed over, so that they could hold each other. Snuggling up behind Will as he washed the dishes after Hannibal had cooked.

And Will knew Hannibal loved it for the inherent domesticity, and was sure on many occasions Hannibal wanted to ask him to move in, but held back. He must know Will would decline. For now at least. Until he graduated, but then… Will tried not to think more about it than he had to, moving for a job. Putting his career before whatever this had become, otherwise what was the point of having studied at all?

“Shower,” Will reminded Hannibal with a gasp as he started kissing down his torso.

He’d showered before coming over the evening before, but knew that there would be remnants of their love making on him. He really should shower before the flight.

Will gasped as Hannibal licked a long stripe up his cock.

“Unggg, Hannibal…” Will’s tone was almost a plead. They would miss their flight at this rate.

“Shh,” Hannibal hushed. “Let me take a moment to spoil you before I have a weekend of… spoiling you.”

Will could hear the man’s smile in his voice. How happy this made him to have these days and draw these moments out.

“Giving me a blow job isn’t spoiling me…” Will panted, gripping his hands in the sheets as Hannibal sucked him into his mouth. His eyes rolled as Hannibal swallowed around the head of his cock before pulling off again with a pop.

“I want to lavish you with the attention that I intend to show you the whole weekend, as you’ve allowed it.” Hannibal muttered the words against his balls, nuzzling at the base of his cock.

“Fuck…” Will groaned, “I hope you don’t intend to give me head at the theatre.”

Hannibal chuckled against Will’s throbbing cock. “We do have a private box…”

Will groaned again at the thought and tried not to buck his hips as Hannibal sank down on him again. Perhaps it was for the best that this was already setting him on edge, he would be surprised if he'd last more than a few minutes.

And then spend the rest of the day fantasising about what might happen at the theatre. Perhaps getting spoiled once in a while wasn't so bad?

He really should find interesting ways to reciprocate.

*

Will smiled and tried not to cringe on the inside, an automatic response to the situation.

He was definitely getting better at it - at accepting this attention. This being another of the few days he let Hannibal really spoil him in the way Hannibal wanted. Not in the restrained way that Will usually insisted upon.

Hannibal was smirking at him, knowing that he was trying his best to hide his initial reaction despite this not being the first time Hannibal had been allowed to spoil him.

"It's… Hannibal," Will breathed out the words. He had agreed to Hannibal's spoiling on certain days. Both their birthdays - as Hannibal had insisted it to be a gift for him too, to be able to treat Will. Christmas, Valentines, and, Will had recently capitulated, his graduation.

The spoiling for which appeared to have begun, these many weeks in advance, with Hannibal buying him the most expensive suit he was ever likely to own.

"You don't like it?" Hannibal's soft frown began to emerge.

"I do! It's amazing. I love the colour. It's very thoughtful." Will meant all these things as he took in the suit hanging in Hannibal's bedroom.

"This shade of blue flatters you the most, brings out your eyes. Without being too ostentatious." Hannibal grinned.

Will returned the smile and stepped in close to Hannibal to kiss him. It was a sweet kiss, not too deep, but enough to hint at more and get them both interested. Will dropped a hand to Hannibal's crotch and palmed it for a moment before sinking to his knees.

Hannibal groaned and slid his hands into Will's hair, "What are you doing?"

Will looked up with an 'isn't it obvious' smirk as he began to unbuckle Hannibal's belt and then his fly. He used his fingers to gently spread Hannibal and reveal his rapidly swelling cock and sucking it into his mouth to feel it twitch and harden completely.

He pulled off with an audible pop and looked up through lidded eyes.

"What sort of brat would I be if I didn't properly thank my generous boyfriend for spoiling me?" Will said breathily.

He enjoyed Hannibal's sharp intake of breath and the tightening of his fingers in his hair. It wasn't why Hannibal did it, there was never an expectation of anything that could be construed as payment for his generosity, but it turned him on nonetheless - clearly.

"You treat me so good, I want to be a good boy for you." Will continued, breathing the words against Hannibal's small and throbbing member, before licking over it. He enjoyed Hannibal's groans as Will lathed him with attention and affection, sucking him back into his mouth and caressing with his tongue. Will began to suck, head bobbing slightly. Still holding Hannibal's folds spread a little, he used his free hand to grip the back of Hannibal's thigh for their mutual support only to feel how much he was shaking.

Whether the pleasure or the arousal, Will was pretty sure Hannibal's legs might buckle if he kept sucking him off like this. So Will moved back, enough to stand and manoeuvre Hannibal to the bed.

He pulled off his own tshirt and pushed his jeans down and off as he walked Hannibal to the bed. They crashed down to it, Will on top of Hannibal, their cocks pressed firmly together - Hannibal wet with his own moistness and Will's saliva, only added to by Will's copious precome..

"Thank you daddy," Will breathed the words next to Hannibal's mouth and then swallowed the resulting groan into a deep kiss.

It wasn't something they'd discussed, and Will wasn't even sure it was a kink either of them had. But in that moment, given the conversations and later teasing Will had given over the idea of Hannibal being his sugar daddy, it seemed illustrative of what this was between them. In this situation, on the rare times it was like this.

"You're such a good daddy to me," Will muttered through kisses as Hannibal's hips bucked up into him.

Will reached down and took his own cock in hand, stroking it a few times before rubbing it over Hannibal's cock. Hannibal spread his legs further, his wet folds parting to allow Will to frot them together, as Hannibal thrust up against Will.

It was frantic and frenetic, both chasing Hannibal's pleasure.

Will could tell that Hannibal was as close to climax as he was, so was surprised when Hannibal pushed him off, manhandling onto his back and then straddling him.

There was a tense pause as Hannibal shed his clothes before he sank down onto Will, enveloping his bare cock in his wet heat. They'd never had sex without protection before. They'd recently both been tested and he knew Hannibal had mentioned before that he'd had a hysterectomy many years earlier. Even so, it was unexpected and Will cried out, trying not to come at just the thought of spilling deep within Hannibal and it leaking back out after.

Will could only moan as Hannibal leaned in and rumbled against his ear, "Be a good boy and let daddy fuck you."

Will almost exploded right then, his mind going blank as Hannibal started to move. He grabbed Will's hips and held him down as he began to thrust. Will shook with desire as he relished the sensations. Perhaps it was the angle or the rhythm, perhaps it was something in the way Hannibal had said he would fuck him, but it really did feel like he was being fucked. Like his cock was Hannibal's and he was being fucked into the mattress.

"Yes…" Will finally managed to groan, but no longer sure what he was responding to.

"My good boy," Hannibal growled and then kissed him, continuing to fuck down on him hard as he consumed his mouth.

Will broke the kiss to cry out as his climax started to crest, his balls drawing up a moment before he heard Hannibal grunt and felt him clench around him. Even so Hannibal continued to slam them together, almost rough as they both started to come.

Will grabbed Hannibal's hips, not stopping him, but needing to know he could, as tears gathered at the corners of his eyes whilst he was fucked beyond sensitivity.

When Hannibal came for the second time, Will tightened his fingers, and Hannibal slowed, riding the aftershocks until he finally stopped and collapsed on top of Will.

They didn't speak for a few minutes, breathing against each other until both of them were able to level their breathing completely.

“Cukraus,” Hannibal muttered into Will’s hair as they in each other’s arms, sweaty and sated.

Will grinned at the silly pet name that had also seemed like a tease once. Like Hannibal calling him ‘Sugar’ was part of an inside joke, but he’d quickly realised it meant more. It was a thank you for Will allowing Hannibal this.

How could he not compromise for Hannibal and allow this from time to time? How could he deny the happiness of the man he loved?

Will shivered. Not a new thing for him. He’d known for some time how deep his feelings ran for Hannibal. It was just hard to express when, with graduation looming, there was the chance this was temporary. They had never discussed what would happen after.

Hannibal moved slightly, but enough for Will's softening cock to slip out of him, followed by a trail of his come.

Will groaned his pleasure as Hannibal hummed his, before Hannibal leaned in and kissed him gently for a few moments. Will reached down, his fingers tentatively dragging through his leaking come.

"I could get used to that sensation," Hannibal muttered against Will's lips.

Will shuddered.

*

Hannibal laid down his cutlery and let out a contented sigh, a sure sign, had Will not already realised, that something was on his mind. Will made a point of saying nothing, waiting for Hannibal to lay out what was stewing in his brain.

“Have you given much consideration to what you might do after graduation?” Hannibal finally asked.

“I… I’d be stupid to stay here if it meant losing out on a good job. I guess I just,” He hesitated, not wanting to say it out loud but knowing Hannibal was not fool enough to not have already considered this himself. “It would be pointless to graduate and not go for jobs because of the location.”

Hannibal nodded, and Will knew he got it. He didn’t want to have to explicitly mention that, as much as he loved him, he couldn’t turn down opportunities just to stay with Hannibal. And he sorely hoped that Hannibal knew him well enough by now to know that the obvious but ridiculous solution of Will just being Hannibal’s kept boy, was not an option.

“Did you have any thoughts on where you might be looking for employment?” Hannibal asked.

Will shrugged, trying to seem like he had given it a lot less thought than he really had.

“I mean, Quantico would be great, but it’s not a given. There are some interesting jobs in New York, some down in the southern states too. Graduate jobs that would at least be a start for my career.” Will tried not to clench his jaw as he finished speaking.

“Hmm,” Hannibal offered thoughtfully, bringing his wine glass up to his lips. Will watched him sip and then place the glass back down. “I have a small house in the Hamptons.”

Will looked at him and blinked. He couldn’t be surprised at Hannibal owning other properties, he was sure he likely had a few in Europe too. He just didn’t want to read anything into the mention of it. Did he mean that Will could visit there if he ended up in New York State? Did he mean they could meet there?

“Though I could sell it and invest in something closer, to… wherever you end up.” Hannibal wasn’t even looking at him, swirling the wine in his glass with faux consideration.

“Hannibal, you… you can’t just…”

He looked up with a gentle smile. “Will, I can set up my practice anywhere, find patients anywhere. I can’t have you anywhere. I love you, Will.”

Will let out a shuddering breath at it being put so plainly. So plainly in fact that there really was no argument Will could find against it. No way he could ignore Hannibal verbalising this love between them for the first time.

“Okay,” Will replied, his palms sweaty, like the first few times they met.

Hannibal looked wary, as though Will might say no even after all this time.

“I love you too.” Will shuddered out the words, feeling his chest expand as he did.

Hannibal’s smile grew.

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